# Shrowsbury for me:

BEING,

A Song in praiſe of that Famous Town,
VVhich hath throughout all England gain'd renown,
In Praiſe thereof, let every one agree,
And ſay with one accord, Shrowsbury for me.

To a delightful New Tune: or, *Shrowsbury for me.*

COme liſten you Gallants
of Shrowsbury fair Town,
For that is the place,
that hath gained renown:
To ſet forth its praiſes,
we all will agree:
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowsbury for me.

The merry Town of Shrowsbury,
God bleſs it ſtill,
For it ſtands moſt gallantly
upon a high Hill:
It ſtandeth moſt bravely,
for all men to ſee,
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowsbury for me.

There's ſix Parith Churches
all in that fair Town,
And ſix gallant Miniſters,
in their black Gowns:
There's twice a week Market,
for all men to ſee,
And every man to his mind,
Shrowsbury for me.

## The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

O The brave bells of *Shrowsbury*,
merrily doth ring,
And the gallant young-men & Maid,
ſweetly they ſing:
There runs a fair River,
for all men to ſee,
And every man to his mind,
*Shrowsbury* for me.

O the Pinacle of *Shrowsbury*,
ſhews it ſelf ſtill,
For it's mounted gallantly
on a high Hill:
It ſtandeth moſt bravely
in view for to ſee,
Then every man to his mind,
*Shrowsbury* for me.

The Tradeſ-men of *Shrowsbury*
drive a fine Trade,
Their wives go moſt gallant,
and bravely arayd,
And like loving couples
they always agree,
Then every man to his mind,
*Shrowsbury* for me.

The Sea-men went to Maid-ſtone,
the Jayl for to ſee,
And from thence to London,
that noble City:
Then home they returned,
by one, two, and three,
And every man to his mind,
*Shrowsbury* for me.

The young-men of *Shrowsbury*,
are jovial Blades,
When they are in company,
with pretty Maids.
They court them compleatly,
with complements free,
Then every man to his mind,
*Shrowsbury* for me.

There's Fiſhing and Fowling
at *Shrowsbury* Town,
There's ſhooting and bowling,
both up hill and down:
With brave recreations
for every degree,
Then every man to his mind,
*Shrowsbury* for me,

There is no man in *Shrowsbury*
needs for to want,
For all things are plenty,
and nothing is ſcant:
What e're you can wiſh for,
for all men is free,
Then every man to his mind,
*Shrowsbury* for me.

Then who would not gladly,
live in this brave Town,
Which flouriſhes gallantly,
with high Renown:
The like of it is not
in England to ſee,
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowsbury for me.

Then brave Lads of *Shrowsbury*,
let us be merry,
Carrouſe it moſt freely,
in white-wine and Sherry:
Caſt up your Caps bravely,
for all men to ſee,
And ſtill cry with one accord,
Shrowsbury for me.

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